

C Y R A N O

DE BERGERAC

By Edmond Rostand

Starring
DAVID SERERO
as Cyrano



CYRANO DE BERGERAC

By

Edmond ROSTAND

Adaptation in English and for the Stage by

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ACT I

LE BRET: Ligniere! Still sober at this hour?

LIGNIERE: May I present you? Baron Christian de Neuvillette.

LE BRET: The face is charming!

CHRISTIAN: Enchanted!

LIGNIERE: Monsieur has just arrived in Paris recently from the Touraine.

CHRISTIAN: Yes, I have been in Paris for two weeks only, I join the Guards tomorrow.

LE BRET: We have an audience today! A brilliant one.

LIGNIERE: My dear boy, I came here to get you in. The lady is not here? I return to my sin.

CHRISTIAN: Not yet a little longer! She is always here. Please! Wait!

LIGNIERE: There's a tavern not far away, and I am dying of thirst. Ragueneau!

LIGNIERE: Ragueneau, poet and pastry-cook—a character!

RAGUENEAU: Sir, have you seen Monsieur de Cyrano?

LIGNIERE: Allow me...Ragueneau, confectioner, the chief support of modern poetry.

RAGUENEAU: Oh, too much honor!

LIGNIERE: Patron of the Arts—Maecenas! Yes, you are—

RAGUENEAU: Undoubtedly, the poets gather round my art.

LIGNIERE: Himself a poet—

RAGUENEAU: So they say—It is true that for an ode—

LIGNIERE: You give a tart—

RAGUENEAU: A tartlet!

LIGNIERE: Modesty! And for a triolet you give—

RAGUENEAU: Plain bread.

LIGNIERE: And you love theatre?

RAGUENEAU: I adore it!

LIGNIERE: Well, pastry pays for all. Your place today now, what did it cost you?

RAGUENEAU: Four pies; fourteen cakes. But, Cyrano is not here? Astonishing!

LIGNIERE: Why so?

RAGUENEAU: Why? Montfleury plays!

LIGNIERE: What is that to Cyrano?

RAGUENEAU: Have you not heard? Monsieur de Bergerac so hates Montfleury, he has forbidden him for three weeks to appear upon the stage.

LIGNIERE: Well?

RAGUENEAU: Montfleury plays!

CHRISTIAN: This Cyrano, who is he?

LIGNIERE: Oh, he is the lad with the long sword.

CHRISTIAN: Noble?

LIGNIERE: Sufficiently; he is in the Guards. His friend Le Bret can tell you more. (Calls to him)

Le Bret! Looking for Bergerac?

LE BRET: Yes. And for trouble (looking at a charming lady).

LIGNIERE: Is he not an extraordinary man?

LE BRET: The best friend and the bravest soul alive!

RAGUENEAU: Poet—

LIGNIERE: Swordsman—

LE BRET: Musician—

RAGUENEAU: Philosopher—

LIGNIERE: Such a remarkable appearance, too!

RAGUENEAU: My lords, there is no such nose as that nose. You cannot look upon it without crying: "Oh, no, impossible! Exaggerated!" Then you smile, and say: "Of course, I might have known; Presently he will take it off." But that Monsieur de Bergerac will never do.

LIGNIERE: He keeps it and God help the man who smiles!

RAGUENEAU: His sword is one half of the shears of Fate!

LE BRET: (Shrugs) He will not come.

RAGUENEAU: Will he not? Sir, I'll bet you a poulet a la Ragueneau!

LE BRET: (Laughing) Done!

CHRISTIAN: There! Quick—up there— In the box! Look!

LIGNIERE: Herself?

CHRISTIAN: Her name?

LIGNIERE: Madeleine Robin, called Roxane... refined... intellectual...

CHRISTIAN: Ah!

LIGNIERE: Unmarried...

CHRISTIAN: Oh!

LIGNIERE: No title... rich enough... an orphan... cousin to Cyrano...of whom we just spoke

CHRISTIAN: And the man?...

LIGNIERE: Oh! That man?... Comte de Guiche... In love with her... married himself, however, to the niece of the Cardinal de Richelieu... wishes Roxane, therefore, to marry one Monsieur de Valvert... Vicomte... friend of his... a somewhat melancholy gentleman... nevertheless, de Guiche is powerful... not above persecuting... I have written a little song about his little game... which made de Guiche furious...

CHRISTIAN: I am going

LIGNIERE: Where?

CHRISTIAN: To monsieur de Valvert!

LIGNIERE: Christian wait! Someone is looking at you—(Roxane is looking at Christian)

CHRISTIAN: Roxane!...

CROWD: The play! The play!

DE GUICHE: Come Valvert, let's sit on the stage.

CHRISTIAN: Valvert! The Vicomte, ah, that scoundrel! Quick my glove I'll throw it in his face..

CUT PURSE: Oh!—

CHRISTIAN: I was looking for a glove—

CUT-PURSE: You found a hand. Let me go, I can tell you a secret—

CHRISTIAN: Well?

CUT-PURSE: Ligniere, that friend of yours—

CHRISTIAN: Well?

CUT-PURSE: Good as dead. Understand? Ambuscaded. He wrote a song about someone important. There's a hundred men waiting for him tonight.

CHRISTIAN: A hundred? Who arranged this?

THE CUT-PURSE: Secret.

CHRISTIAN: Ah!

THE CUT-PURSE: (With dignity) Professional.

CHRISTIAN: Where are they to be?

THE CUT-PURSE: Porte de Nesle. On his way home. Tell him so.

CHRISTIAN: I'll go! God, what swine, a hundred against one man!... Leave her here!— And leave him!— (Decidedly) I must save Ligniere! (Exits)

LE BRET: Montfleury enters now? Then Cyrano is not here! Ragueneau lost his bet...

THE CROWD: Montfleury!... Bravo!...

MONTFLEURY: "Thrice happy he who hides from pomp and power in sylvan shade or solitary bower; where balmy zephyrs fan his burning cheeks-- "

CYRANO: Wretch! Have I not forbade you these three weeks?

SEVERAL VOICES: What?... Where?...Who is it?...

LIGNIERE: Cyrano!

LE BRET: Himself!

CYRANO: King of clowns! Leave the stage at once!

THE CROWD: Oh!—

MONTFLEURY: Now, now, now—

CYRANO: You disobey me?

SEVERAL VOICES: Hsh! Go on—Quiet!—Go on, Montfleury!—Who's afraid?—
MONTFLEURY: "Thrice happy he hides from...Thrice hap--"

CYRANO: GO!!!

THE CROWD: Ah...

CYRANO: Presently I shall grow angry!

MONTFLEURY: (To the Marquis) Messieurs, if you protect me—

DE GUICHE: Well—proceed!

CYRANO: If you dare breathe once more, I'll fan your cheeks for you!

VALVERT: Quiet down there!

DE GUICHE/VALVERT: That will do! Montfleury!

CYRANO: Off stage! What, still there? Very good then, I enter to carve this large Italian sausage.

THE CROWD: Montfleury!...Montfleury!...The play! The play!

CYRANO: I pray you, be gentle with my sword, you will awaken her.

THE CROWD: (Recoiling) Keep back

CYRANO: Begone!

THE CROWD: (Pushing in closer, and growling.) Ahr!...ahr!...

CYRANO: Did someone speak? Let me hear one more word of that same song, and I destroy you all!

A CITIZEN: Who might you be? Samson?

CYRANO: Precisely. Sir, would you kindly let me borrow your jawbone?

A LADY: What an outrage! A noble scandalous!

A CITIZEN: Annoying!

A PAGE: What a game!

THE CROWD: Montfleury! Cyrano!

CYRANO: Silence!

THE CROWD: Woof! Woof! Baaa! Cockadoo!

CYRANO: I am asking for silence! And I offer a challenge to you all! Approach, young heroes, I will take your names. Each in his turn! Come get your numbers, who will open the list? You sir? No, you? Ah no. To the first man who falls I'll build a monument! ...Not one? Who wishes to die today? Please raise your hand!...I see. You are so modest, you might blush before a naked sword.... Not one name? Not one finger?...Very well, then I continue: I want to have our theatre cured of this decease, if not, the blade must act.

MONTFLEURY: I...

CYRANO: Attend to me full moon! I clap my hands, three times—thus. At the third, you will eclipse yourself.

THE CROWD: (Amused) Ah!

CYRANO: Ready? One!

MONTFLEURY: Gentlemen, I...

A VOICE: (From the boxes) No!

THE CROWD: He'll go! He'll stay!

MONTFLEURY: I already think, gentlemen...

CYRANO: Two!

MONTFLEURY: Perhaps I had better...

CYRANO: Three!

THE CROWD: Yah!-Coward-Come back

A CITIZEN: The Manager! Speech! Speech! (Citizen, played by Ligniere, advances and bows)

THE BOXES: Ah!

LIGNIERE: (With elegance) Most noble—most fair our heavy tragedian with the voluptuous bust was taken suddenly...

THE CROWD: Yah! Coward!

LIGNIERE: (To Cyrano) After all, Monsieur, what reason have you to hate this Montfleury?

CYRANO: My dear young man, I have two reasons, either one alone will do. Primo: A lamentable actor, who mouths his verse and moans his tragedy, Secundo: Well, that's my secret. LIGNIERE: Quite so! And the mere money possibly you would like that returned?

CYRANO: You speak the first word of intelligence! Here, catch!

THE CROWD: (Astonished) Ah! Ah!

LIGNIERE: Monsieur, you are hereby authorized to close our play every night, on the same terms. Even if we are booed together.

THE CROWD: Boo!

LIGNIERE: And welcome! Let us be booed together, you and I! Kindly pass out quietly . . .

CITIZEN: (Cut Purse comes back with a hat) The great Montfleury! Did you know the Duc de Candale was his patron? Who is yours?

CYRANO: No one.

CITIZEN: No one-no patron?

CYRANO I said no.

CITIZEN: What, no great lord, to cover with his name?

CYRANO No, I have told you twice. Must I repeat? No patron, but a patroness!

CITIZEN: The Duc de Candale has a long arm.

CYRANO: Mine is longer by three feet of steel.

CITIZEN: But-

CYRANO You may go now.

CITIZEN: But

CYRANO You may go or tell me why are you staring at my nose!

CITIZEN: No-I

CYRANO: Is it big and large?

CITIZEN: Your grace misunderstands

CYRANO: Perhaps you see a pimple?

CITIZEN: No

CYRANO Is it a phenomenon?

CITIZEN: But I have been careful not to look...

CYRANO And why not to look at it?

CITIZEN: Why?

CYRANO: It disgusts you, then?

CITIZEN: Oh, by no means!

CYRANO: Is it obscene?

CITIZEN: Not in the least...

CYRANO: Then why not look at it if you please? Perhaps you find it just a a bit too big?

CITIZEN: Oh no! I find it small, very small, minuscule.

CYRANO: What? You accuse me of ridicule? Small my nose!

CITIZEN: Help!

CYRANO: Enormous, my nose!...Know that I glory in this nose of mine, for a great nose indicates a great man, genial, courteous, intellectual, virile, courageous, as I am, and such as you poor wretch will never dare to be. Take notice, all of you who would find funny the middle of my face! If the humorist is noble, then my custom is to show proper appreciation.

DE GUICHE: Presently this fellow will grow tiresome.

VALVERT: Oh, he blows his trumpet!

DE GUICHE: Well-will no one stop him?

VALVERT: No one? Observe. I myself will proceed to put him in his place. Sir...your nose... your nose is...very large!

CYRANO: Very?

VALVERT: Ah!

CYRANO: Is that all? Ah, no, younger sir! You are too simple. Perhaps, you might have said many more things! By varying the tone, by example:

Aggressive: I, Sir, if I had such a nose, I'd have it amputated on the spot!

Descriptive: It's a rock! It's a cape! What do you mean it's a cape? It's a peninsula!

Kindly: Sir, do you love so much the birds that when they come to sing for you, you give them this to nose to perch on?

Insolent: Sir, when you smoke, the neighbors must suppose that your house is on fire!

Dramatic: It's the Red Sea when it bleeds!

Simple: This monument, when do we visit it?

Military: Point against cavalry!

And finally Practical: We should put it in lottery, for sure it will be the big grand prize!

These, my dear sir, are things you might have said if you had you some letters in your spirit. But as a spirit, you never had any, but only the three letters to write the word: Ass. For I say these jokes enough myself, about myself, but I do not allow anyone else to serve them.

DE GUILCHE: Vicomte-come, forget about it.

VALVERT: (Choking) Oh, these arrogant grand airs! A clown who comes outside without any gloves, no ribbons, no lace, no buckles on his shoes!

CYRANO: Me, it is morally that I have my elegances.

VALVERT: But!

CYRANO: But, I have no gloves! A pity! I had one which I left in someone's face!

VALVERT: Dolt, bumpkin, fool, Insolent puppy, jobbernow!

CYRANO: (Removes his hat and bows) Ah, yes? And I-Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule De Bergerac!

VALVERT: (Turns away) Buffoon!

CYRANO: Ah! Ah! Ah!

VALVERT: (Turns back) Well, what now?

CYRANO: I must do something to relieve these cramps. This is what comes of lack of exercise.

VALVERT: What is all this?

CYRANO: My sword has gone to sleep...

VALVERT: So be it!

CYRANO: Sir, you shall die exquisitely.

VALVERT: Poet!

CYRANO: Yes, a poet! And such one, that I'll compose you a Ballade while we fence!

VALVERT: A Ballade?

CYRANO: You know what it is? No, you don't know...I'll compose one, while I fight with you; and at the end of the refrain - I hit! "Ballade of the duel at the Hotel de Bourgogne between Cyrano de Bergerac and a Boeotian."

VALVERT: (Sneering) What do you mean by that?

CYRANO: It's the title. Stop... Let me choose my rimes...Now! Here we go.

I remove my cape, I take out my blade,

You should know dear young man, that at the end of the refrain, I hit.

Now, where should I hit you? Right here on your stomach, or perhaps behind on your back.

You should know dear young man, that at the end of the refrain, I hit!

Young Prince, on your knees and beg for my forgiveness.

VALVERT: NEVER!

CYRANO: I see, you wish to continue to fence, yet it will be hard without any defense.

Yet you had a chance to quit, because at the end of the refrain, I hit!

RAGENEAU: Magnelephant!

All exeunt besides Le Bret and Cyrano.

LE BRET: Come here and tell me these fatheads with the bellicose grand airs will have you ruined if you listen to them; Talk to a man of sense and hear how all your swagger impresses him. You want to have a dinner?

CYRANO: Well I don't have any money..

LE BRET: But the money you sent?

CYRANO: All my savings..

LE BRET: What a waste!

CYRANO: But what a jest!

LE BRET: So, what is your plan?

CYRANO: I have been wandering wasting my force upon too many plans. Now I have chosen only one.

LE BRET: And which one?

CYRANO: To make myself admirable in everything!

LE BRET: Well, then, now tell me, the real reason why you hate Montfleury?

CYRANO: He dared smile upon..a woman that I...

LE BRET: How, what? Is it possible?-

CYRANO: For me to love? . . . Yes..I love.

LE BRET: May I know? You have never said

CYRANO: Whom I love? Think a moment. Think of me me, with this nose of mine that marches on a quarter of an hour before me! Whom should I love? Well, of course the most beautiful woman in the world.

LE BRET: Most beautiful? Who is this woman? Oh, well—of course, that makes everything clear ! And why not? If you love her, tell her so ! You have covered yourself with glory in her eyes this very day. Love's no more than chance !

CYRANO: I love Cleopatra, do I appear Caesar? I afore Beatrice; have I the look of Dante?

LE BRET: But your wit—your courage— Roxane herself, watching your duel, paler than—

CYRANO: Roxane was here?

LE BRET: ...her lips parted, her hand thus, at her breast—I saw it ! Speak to her!

CYRANO: She might laugh at me; That is the one thing in this world I fear!

RAGUENAU: A lady asking for Monsieur de Bergerac!

CYRANO: Mon Dieu... Her Duenna !—

THE DUENNA: Monsieur... A message for you: From your good cousin, we desire to know when and where we may see you privately.

CYRANO: To see me?

THE DUENNA: To see you. We have certain things to tell you.

CYRANO: Certain—

THE DUENNA: Things.

CYRANO: Mon Dieu!...

THE DUENNA: We go tomorrow, at the first flush of the dawn, to hear Mass at St. Roch. Then afterwards, where can we meet and talk a little?

THE DUENNA: Well?

CYRANO: I am thinking... The shop of Ragueneau... Ragueneau—pastrycook...

THE DUENNA: Which street?

CYRANO: Mon dieu!... Oh, yes...Ah, mon Dieu!... Rue St. Honoré.

THE DUENNA: Seven o'clock. (Reverence) Until then—

CYRANO: Until then (The Duenna goes out). Me...to see me!...

LE BRET: You are not quite so gloomy.

CYRANO: Le Bret, she knows that I exist...

On David Serero's production, he performed the song « New York, New York » altering it with « Roxane, Roxane ».

LIGNIERE: Cyrano!

CYRANO: What is it? Ligniere, what's wrong with him?

RAGUENAU: He is afraid to go home.

CYRANO: Why?

LIGNIERE: This letter—a hundred against me—all because of this little song— Good song— Hundred men, waiting, understand? Porte de Nesle—way home— Might be dangerous— Would you permit me spend the night with you?

CYRANO: A hundred—is that all? Tonight you'll sleep at your home. Now!..I have ten hearts; a hundred arms; I feel too strong to war with mortals, BRING ME GIANTS! Others follow, I want an audience!

RAGUENEAU: A hundred against one?

CYRANO: Did you not ask, my dear friend, why against one they send a hundred men? It's because they know that this man is a friend of mine!

ACT II

Next morning at Ragueneau's pastry house.

CYRANO: (Enters hurriedly) What is the time?

RAGUENEAU: Six o'clock.

CYRANO: One Hour more.....

RAGUENEAU: Congratulations!

CYRANO: For what?

RAGUENEAU: Your victory! I saw it all!

CYRANO: Which one?

RAGUENEAU: At the Hotel de Bourgogne!

CYRANO: Oh, the duel!

RAGUENEAU: The duel in Rime!

LISE: He talks of nothing else...

RAGUENEAU: "Then, as I end the refrain, I hit!" "Then, as I end the refrain"- Gods! What a line
"Then, as I end"-

CYRANO: What time is it now, Ragueneau?

RAGUENEAU: Five after six- (Recovers) "-I hit!" A ballade, too!

CYRANO: I expect someone. Leave us here alone when the time comes.

Roxane appears, Ragueneau exits.

CYRANO: Blessed the hour above all others when you remembered to remember me...

ROXANE: First, let me thank you because... that man...that creature, whom your sword made sport of yesterday- His patron, one-

CYRANO: De Guiche?

ROXANE: -who thinks himself in love with me would have forced that man upon me for a husband-

CYRANO: I understand so much the better then! I didn't fight for my nose, but for your bright eyes.

ROXANE: Before I tell you something, are you, I wonder, still the same brother almost that you used to be when we were children?

CYRANO: I remember every summers you came to Bergerac!

ROXANE: In those days, you did everything I wished! Was I pretty?

CYRANO: Oh- not to ugly...Now, tell me what you were going to tell me certain things?

ROXANE: It seems like long ago when I could tell you things. Listen: I love someone.

CYRANO: Ah!...

ROXANE: Someone who does not know.

CYRANO: Ah!...

ROXANE: At least-not yet.

CYRANO: Ah!...

ROXANE: But he will know some day.

CYRANO: Ah!...

ROXANE: A big boy who loves me too, and is afraid of me, and keeps away, and never says one word.

CYRANO: Ah!...

ROXANE: And such a man! He is proud noble young-brave-beautiful-
CYRANO: Beautiful!
ROXANE: What's the matter?
CYRANO: Nothing. You say he is in the Guards: His name?
ROXANE: Baron Christian de Neuvillette.
CYRANO: He is not in the Guards.
ROXANE: Yes, since this morning.
CYRANO: So soon we lose our hearts! And you brought me here to tell me all this? I do not yet quite understand.
ROXANE: They say that in your company—You are all Gascons...I am so afraid for him!
CYRANO: (Between his teeth) Not without a reason!—
ROXANE: And I thought you... You were so brave, so invincible yesterday, against all those brutes! If you, whom they all fear—
CYRANO: I see...I will defend your little « Baron ».
ROXANE: Will you? Just for me? Because I have always been—your friend!
CYRANO: Your friend...of course...
ROXANE: Will you be his friend? And never let him fight in a duel?
CYRANO: Yes...I mean, no! Never.
ROXANE: Oh, but you are a darling!—I must go—you never told me about last night—Why, you must have been a hero! Have him write and tell me all about it, will you?
CYRANO: Of course...
ROXANE: (Kisses her hand.) I always did love you!—A hundred men against one—Well....
Adieu. We are great friends, are we not?
CYRANO: Of course...
ROXANE: A hundred men—what courage—
CYRANO: Oh... I have done better since!

Roxane exits. Ragueneau enters, later follow Christian and others.

RAGUENEAU: May I come in?
CYRANO: Yes...
LE BRET: Cyrano! Your story!
CYRANO: Presently...

Cyrano steps away.

VALVERT: You, narrow-gutted Northerner!
CHRISTIAN: Sir?
VALVERT: Monsieur de Neuvillette: You are to know there is a certain subject I would say, a certain object never to be named among us: Utterly unmentionable!
CHRISTIAN: And that is?
LIGNIERE: Look at me!...You understand?
CHRISTIAN: Why, yes; the—
VALVERT: Sh!... We never speak that word- To breathe it is to have to do with HIM!
LE BRET: He has exterminated several whose tone of voice suggested...
LIGNIERE: Would you die before your time? Just mention anything Convex...or a cartilaginous...
VALVERT: One word, one syllable, one gesture-nay, one sneeze and your handkerchief becomes your winding-sheet! I know it for a reason...
CHRISTIAN: Sir, what is the proper thing to do when Gascons grow too proud?
RAGUENEAU: Prove to them that one may be a Norman, and have courage.
CHRISTIAN: I thank you.
LE BRET: (to CYRANO) Come, the story!

ALL: The story!

CYRANO: Ok, my story? Well...I marched on, all alone to meet those devils. No lamps in those back streets it was so dark, Mordious! You could not see beyond-

CHRISTIAN: Your nose.

CYRANO: Who is that man there?

LE BRET: A recruit arrived this morning.

CYRANO: A recruit-

LE BRET: His name is Christian De Neuvil-

CYRANO: Oh... I see. Very well, as I was saying- Mordious!... you could not see anything. I marched on, thinking how, all for the sake of a song whenever he took-

CHRISTIAN: A noseful-

CYRANO: A notion! Whenever he took a notion one powerful enough to make me pay—

CHRISTIAN: Through the nose—

CYRANO: The piper. After all, I thought, why am I putting in my--

CHRISTIAN: Nose—

CYRANO: My oar . . . Why am I putting in my oar! The quarrel's not mine. Come Gascon— do your duty! Suddenly a sword flashed in the dark. I caught it —

CHRISTIAN: On the nose—

CYRANO: On my blade. Before I knew it, there I was—

CHRISTIAN: Nose in the air—

CYRANO: I disarmed a third—another lunged— Paf! And I countered—

CHRISTIAN: Pif!

CYRANO: TONNERE! Out of here!—All of you!

LE BRET: At last—the old lion wakes!

CYRANO: All of you! Leave me here alone with that man!

LIGNIERE: Bigre! He'll have the fellow chopped into sausage—

RAGUENEAU: Sausage?—

VALVERT: Mince-meat, then—one of your pies!—

RAGUENEAU: Am I pale? You look white as a fresh napkin—

LE BRET: He'll never leave enough of him to—

LIGNIERE: Why it frightens me to think of what will—

VALVERT: (Closing the door) Something horrible beyond imagination. . .

All exeunt besides Cyrano and Christian.

CYRANO: To my arms!

CHRISTIAN: Sir? . . .

CYRANO: You have courage! You are brave—that pleases me.

CHRISTIAN: You mean? . . .

CYRANO: Don't you know that I am her brother?

CHRISTIAN: Whose?

CYRANO: Roxane!

CHRISTIAN: Her. . . brother? You?

CYRANO: Her cousin. Much the same.

CHRISTIAN: She loves me?

CYRANO: Perhaps.

CHRISTIAN: My dear sir—more than I can say, I am honored— Please forgive me— On my honor—if you knew how much I have admired— Please! I apologize.

CYRANO: Roxane expects a letter—

CHRISTIAN: Not from me?— Once I write, that ruins all!

CYRANO: And why?

CHRISTIAN: Because . . . because I am out of spirit! Stupid enough to hang myself!

CYRANO: But no—You can't be that stupid because you admit it yourselves. Besides, you did not attack me like a fool.

CHRISTIAN: Any one can pick a quarrel. Yes, I have a sort of rough and ready soldier's tongue. I know that. But with any woman—I am paralyzed, speechless, dumb. I can only look at them. Yet sometimes, when I go away, their eyes. . .

CYRANO: I wish you could be my interpreter.

CHRISTIAN: I wish I had your wit...

CYRANO: Borrow it, then!

CHRISTIAN: What?

CYRANO: Christian, would you dare repeat to her the words I'll teach you, day by day?

CHRISTIAN: You mean?

CYRANO: I mean Roxane will have no idea! Come, we will win her both. You'll use my words and I'll use your beauty.

CHRISTIAN: Cyrano!- I am afraid- Does it mean so much to you?

CYRANO: It means... A comedy, a situation for a poet!

CHRISTIAN: But the letter- I cannot write-

CYRANO: Here is one!

CHRISTIAN: Would it fit Roxane?

CYRANO: Like her own glove.

CHRISTIAN: My friend!

VALVERT: (Returns to Cyrano) Now are we allowed to talk about your nose?

Cyrano slaps Valvert in the face.

CURTAIN

ACT III

Roxane appears alone on the stage. In David Serero's production she sings the song « Los Bilbilicos ».

CYRANO: Christian! I have your new letter- Look intelligent--come home and learn your lines.

CHRISTIAN: No.

CYRANO: What?

CHRISTIAN: I'll wait here for Roxane.

CYRANO: Come quickly!

CHRISTIAN: No, I say! I have had enough taking my words, my letters, all from you. It was game at first; but now she cares...Thanks to you. I am not afraid. I'll speak for myself now.

CYRANO: Really?

CHRISTIAN: I will! Why not? I am no such fool you shall see! Besides, my dear friend, you have taught me much. I ought to know something...By God, I know enough to take a woman in my arms! There she is now...Cyrano, wait! Stay here!

CYRANO: Speak for yourself my friend! Talk to the hand! (He goes out.)

ROXANE: Is that you, Christian? Let us stay here in the twilight. The air is fragrant. We shall be alone. Sit down there. So...Now tell me things.

CHRISTIAN: (After a silence) I love you.

ROXANE: (Closes her eyes) Yes, speak to me about love...

CHRISTIAN: I love you.

ROXANE: Now be eloquent!...

CHRISTIAN: I love-

ROXANE: (Opens her eyes) You have your theme-Improvise! Rhapsodize!

CHRISTIAN: I love you so!

ROXANE: Of course. And then?...

CHRISTIAN: And then...Oh, I should be so happy if you loved me too! Roxane, Say that you love me too!

ROXANE: (Making a face) I ask for cream and you give me mild and water. Tell me first a little, how you love me.

CHRISTIAN: Very much.

ROXANE: Oh, tell me how you feel!

CHRISTIAN: Your throat, if only I might kiss it.

ROXANE: Christian!

CHRISTIAN: I love you so!

ROXANE: Again?

CHRISTIAN: No, not again-I do not love you-

ROXANE: That is better...

CHRISTIAN: I adore you!

ROXANE: Oh!

CHRISTIAN: I know; I grow absurd.

ROXANE: (Coldly) And that displeases me as much as if you had grown ugly.

CHRISTIAN: I-

ROXANE: Gather your dreams together into words!

CHRISTIAN: I love-

ROXANE: I know; you love me. Adieu.

CHRISTIAN: No, but wait-please-let me-I was going to say-

ROXANE: That you adore me. Yes; I know that too. No!...Go away!...

Cyrano comes back, having witnessed the scene.

CYRANO: Mazal tov! What a success!

CHRISTIAN: Help me!

CYRANO: No!

CHRISTIAN: Wait! Look! Up there!

CYRANO: Her window...

CHRISTIAN: (Wailing) I shall die!-

CYRANO: It does seem fairly dark-

CHRISTIAN: (Excitedly) Well?-Well?-Well?-

CYRANO: Go before the balcony, let me stand underneath. I'll whisper you the words. Call her!

CHRISTIAN: Yo! Roxane!

CYRANO: Wait...no like that, you shmuck! With elegance! There!

ROXANE: (Opens the window) Who is calling?

CHRISTIAN: I-

ROXANE: Who?

CHRISTIAN: Christian.

ROXANE: You again?

CHRISTIAN: I had to tell you-

ROXANE: No. Go away. You tell me nothing.

CHRISTIAN: Please!-

ROXANE: You do not love me any more-

CYRANO then CHRISTIAN: Not any more- I love you... evermore... And ever... more and more!

ROXANE: A little better...

CYRANO then CHRISTIAN: Love grows and struggles like... an angry child... breaking my heart...

ROXANE: Better still-But... such a babe is dangerous; why not have smothered it new-born?

CYRANO then CHRISTIAN: Strong enough at birth... this little babe has become an Hercules...strangling two serpents: Doubt and...Pride.

ROXANE: Why, very well! Tell me now why you speak so haltingly. Has your imagination gone lame?

CYRANO: Come Christian, this grows too difficult!

ROXANE: Your words tonight hesitate. Why?

On David Serero's production, the underscore « My Funny Valentine » starts playing here.

CYRANO: Through the warm summer gloom, they grope in darkness toward the light of you.

ROXANE: My words, well aimed, find you more readily.

CYRANO: My heart is wide opened and welcomes them. My words fly like returning bees heavy with honey to your small secret ear.

ROXANE: Yet not so slowly as they did at first.

CYRANO: They have learned the way, and you have welcomed them.

ROXANE: Am I so far above you now? I'll come down-

CYRANO: No!

ROXANE: Stand you on the bench. Come nearer!

CYRANO: No!-

ROXANE: And why- so great a no?

CYRANO: Let me enjoy the one moment I ever- my only one chance to speak to you... unseen!

ROXANE: Unseen?-

CYRANO: Yes!- yes... unseen...The night is making all things dimly beautiful, you are all light, I am all shadow! How could you know if I was ever eloquent?

ROXANE: You were eloquent!

CYRANO: You have never heard my own heart speaking til now!

ROXANE: Why not?

CYRANO: Until now,I spoke through....

ROXANE: Yes?-

CYRANO: -through that sweet drunkenness that you pour into the world out of your eyes! But tonight... but tonight, I indeed speak for the first time!

ROXANE: For the first time, your voice, even, is not the same.

CYRANO: How should it be? I have another voice- my own, myself, daring.

ROXANE: But...Poetry?

CYRANO: Love hates that game of words! It is fencing with life!

ROXANE: (Very Low) Yes...that is...Love—

CYRANO: Yes, that is Love, you may take my happiness to make you happier, even though you never knew I gave it to you. Only let me hear sometimes, the distant laughter of your joy!

ROXANE: Yes, I do tremble...and I weep...And I love you...and I am yours...and you have made me thus!

CYRANO: I have done this, to you—I, myself... Only let me ask one—

CHRISTIAN: Kiss!

ROXANE: (Startled) What?—

CYRANO: You!...

ROXANE: You ask me for--

CYRANO: I... yes, but—I mean— (To Christian) You go too far!

CHRISTIAN: She is willing! Why not make the most of it?

CYRANO: (To Roxane) I did ask...but I'm asking you to refuse!

ROXANE: Only one—Is that all?

CHRISTIAN: (To Cyrano) But why? Why?

CYRANO: Christian, be quiet!

ROXANE: (Leaning over) What is it that you say to yourself?

CYRANO: I am angry at myself, so I said "Christian, be quiet!"

CHRISTIAN: Win me that kiss!

CYRANO: No.

CHRISTIAN: Sooner or later—
ROXANE: Are you still there? We were speaking of—
CYRANO: A kiss. The word is sweet. Are your lips afraid even of its burning name? You are the queen I dare adore; And I am your faithful servant...
ROXANE: Yes and beautiful—
CYRANO: Beautiful? Oh I forgot! Yes, I am beautiful...
ROXANE: Then- Come...Gather your sacred blossom...
CYRANO: (To CHRISTIAN) Go!
ROXANE: Your crown jewel...
CYRANO: Go on!
ROXANE: Your old new song...
CHRISTIAN: Roxane!...
CYRANO: (Very low) Roxane!...I have something here that is mine now and was not mine before. It's my words, my words that you are kissing upon your lips!

On David Serero's production, Cyrano sings « My Funny Valentine ».

CYRANO: Roxane, Is anyone here?
ROXANE: Who is it?
CYRANO: Cyrano! Is Christian there with you by any chance?
CHRISTIAN: (Astonished) Cyrano! What a surprise!
ROXANE: Good morrow, Cousin! I am coming down.
CHRISTIAN: Oh mon Dieu, De Guiche is here.
CYRANO: Come let's exchange the rings.
DE GUICHE: You?— (Recognizes Christian) He?— (Saluting Roxane) My sincere compliments! (To Cyrano) You also, my inventor of machines! Your rigmarole would have detained a saint entering paradise. Decidedly you must not fail to write that book some day!
CYRANO: My lord, the handsome couple you have joined together before God!
DE GUICHE: Quite so. (Turns to Roxane) Madame, kindly bid your...husband farewell.
ROXANE: Oh!
DE GUICHE: (To Christian) Your regiment leaves tonight, Sir. Report at once!
ROXANE: You mean for the front? The war?
DE GUICHE: Certainly!
ROXANE: I thought the Cadets were not going—
DE GUICHE: Oh yes, they are! Here is the order—(To Christian) Baron! Deliver this.
ROXANE: (Throws herself into Christian's arms.) Christian!
DE GUICHE: (To Cyrano, sneering) The bridal night is not so near!
CHRISTIAN: (To Roxane) Your lips again... You do not know how hard it is—
DE GUICHE: (Up stage) The regiment—one the march!
ROXANE: Take care of him for me—Promise me never to let him do anything dangerous!
CYRANO: I'll do my best—I cannot promise—
ROXANE: Make him be careful!
CYRANO: Yes—I'll try—
ROXANE: Be sure to keep him dry and warm!
CYRANO: Yes, yes—if possible
ROXANE: See that he remains faithful!—
CYRANO: Of course! If—
ROXANE: And have him write to me every single day!
CYRANO: (Stops) That, I promise you!

In David Serero's production, the character of Cyrano sings « Roxane » in a tango adaptation.

ACT IV

Few weeks later on the battlefield at Arras.

DE GUICHE: Two of you, lower the steps, open the door. Someone is approaching!

VALVERT: (Shouts) Beat the assembly! (Role of drums. All the cadets uncover)

ROXANE: (Comes out of the coach.) Good morning!

DE GUICHE: On the king's service, you?

ROXANE: Yes, my own king, Love!

CHRISTIAN: (Hastens to her) You! Why have you-

ROXANE: Your war lasted so long!

CHRISTIAN: But why?

ROXANE: Not now-

DE GUICHE: I wonder if I dare to look at her... You cannot remain here!

ROXANE: Why, certainly! Roll that drum here, somebody... There! (She laughs) Would you believe, they fired upon us? My coach looks like the pumpkin in the fairy tale, does it not? How do you do? How serious you all are! Do you know, it is a long drive here to Arras?

DE GUICHE: Oh, how did you come?

ROXANE: How did I find you? Very easily, I followed where the country was laid waste. Oh, but I saw such things! I had to see to believe. Gentlemen, is that the service of your king? I prefer my own!

CHRISTIAN: But how did you come through?

ROXANE: Through the Spanish lines of course!

LIGNIERE: They let you pass?

DE GUICHE: What did you say? How did you manage?

LE BRET: Yes, that must have been difficult!

ROXANE: No, I simply drove along. Now and then some hidalgo scowled at me the Spaniards being the most polished gentlemen in the world, I passed!

DE GUICHE: Certainly that smile should be a passport! Did they never ask your errand or your destination?

ROXANE: Oh, frequently! Then I dropped my eyes and said: "I have a lover..." Where upon, the Spaniard with an air of ferocious dignity would close the carriage door with such a gesture as any king might envy, wave aside the muskets that were leveled at my breast, fall back three paces, equally superb in grace and gloom, draw himself up, thrust forth a spur under his cloak, sweeping the air with his long plumes, bow very low, and say: "Pass, Senorita!"

CHRISTIAN: But, Roxane-

ROXANE: I know- I said "a lover" but you understand. Forgive me, if I said "I am going to meet my husband," no one would believe me!

CHRISTIAN: Yes, but-

ROXANE: What then?

DE GUICHE: You must leave this place.

ROXANE: I?

LE BRET: Yes, immediately.

ROXANE: And why?

CHRISTIAN: (Embarrassed) Because...

DE GUICHE: (Same) Or these quarters...

LIGNIERE: (Same) Perhaps it might be better...

LE BRET: If you...

ROXANE: Oh, I see! You are going to fight. I remain here.

ALL: No-no!

ROXANE: He is my husband (Throws herself in CHRISTIAN'S arms) I will die with you!

CHRISTIAN: Your eyes!... Why do you?-

ROXANE: You know why...

DE GUICHE: (Desperate) This post is dangerous!

ROXANE: (Turns) How dangerous? (To DE GUICHE) Oh, you wish to make a widow of me?

DE GUICHE: On my word of honor!

ROXANE: No matter. I am just a little mad. I will stay. It may be amusing.

LIGNIERE: We'll fight together now!

ROXANE: (more and more excited) I am safe with you, my friends! And I think, this hat would look well on the battlefield!... But perhaps- (Looks at DE GUICHE) The Count ought to leave us. Any moment now, there may be danger.

DE GUICHE: This is too much! I must inspect my guns. I shall return. You may change your mind, there will yet be time.

ROXANE: Never... (DE GUICHE goes out)

CHRISTIAN: (Imploring) Roxane!...

ROXANE: No! It must be this fresh air, I am starving! Let me see... cold partridges, pastry, a little white wine, that would do. Will some one bring that to me? There in my carriage.

ALL: What?

ROXANE: All you have to do is to unpack, and carve, and serve things. Oh, notice my coachman; you may recognize an old friend.

ALL: Ragueneau!

ROXANE: (Follows them with her eyes.) Poor fellows...

ALL: (Acclamations) Ah! Ah!

RAGUENEAU: Gentlemen!

ALL: Bravo! Bravo!

RAGUENEAU: The Spaniards, basking in our smiles, smiled on our baskets! They adored the Fair, and missed (He takes from under the seat a dish, which he holds aloft) the Fowl!

(Applause. The dish is passed from hand to hand) Venus charmed their eyes, while Adonis quietly (Brandishing a ham) brought home the Boar! (Applause; the ham is seized by a score of hands outstretched)

ROXANE: (As the Cadets return, their arms full of provisions) Spread them out on the ground. Christian! Come here; Make yourself useful.

RAGUENEAU: Peacock aux truffles! My whip handle is one long sausage!

ROXANE: (Pouring wine; passing the food) Being about to die, let us first dine! Never mind the others! And if De Guiche comes, he is not invited! (Going for another) Plenty of time, no need to eat so fast. Hold your cup!

ROXANE: (Goes to Christian) What would you like?

CHRISTIAN: Nothing

ROXANE: Oh, but you must! A little wine? A biscuit?

CHRISTIAN: Tell me first why you came-

ROXANE: Later, I must take care of these poor boys...

Cyrano appears hiding.

CYRANO: Christian, Roxane is here, I must speak to you before I speak to her.

CHRISTIAN: What is it?

CYRANO: If Roxane...

CHRISTIAN: Well?

CYRANO: If she speaks about your letters... do not make the mistake of showing... surprise.

CHRISTIAN: Surprise, why?

CYRANO: You have written her more often than you think...

CHRISTIAN: Oh, have I! How did you send all these letters?

CYRANO: Before Daylight, I managed...

CHRISTIAN: I see. That was also perfectly simple. So I wrote to her, how many times a week? Twice? Three times? Four? Every day?

CYRANO: Every day... Every single day...

CHRISTIAN: (Violently) And that wrought you up into such a flame that you faced death!

CYRANO: (sees Roxane returning) Hush- not in front of her!

ROXANE: Now, Christian!

CHRISTIAN: (takes her hands) Tell me now why you came here over these ruined roads to join me here?

ROXANE: Because of your letters...

CHRISTIAN: Meaning?

ROXANE: It was your own fault if I ran into danger! Went mad with you! Think what you have written me, how many times, each one more wonderful than the last!

CHRISTIAN: All this for a few absurd love-letters?

ROXANE: Absurd! How can you know? I thought I loved you, ever since one night when a voice went under my window breathed your soul to me... But all this time, your letters, every one was like hearing your voice there in the dark, all around me, like your arms around me...at last, I came. Anyone would! I read them over and over. I grew faint reading them. I belonged to you. Every page of them was like a petal fallen from your soul, like the light and the fire of a great love, sweet and strong and true.

CHRISTIAN: So you came...

ROXANE: Oh, my Christian, oh my king, lift me up if I fall upon my knees. It is the heart of me that kneels to you, and will remain forever at your feet. You cannot lift that! I came here to say 'Forgive me'. Forgive me for being light and vain and loving you only because you were beautiful.

CHRISTIAN: Roxane! . . .

ROXANE: Afterwards I knew better. Afterwards I loved you for yourself too—knowing you more, and loving more of you. And now—

CHRISTIAN: Now? . . .

ROXANE: It is yourself I love now: your own self.

CHRISTIAN: (Taken aback) Roxane!

ROXANE: (Gravely) Be happy! You must have suffered; for you must have seen how frivolous I was; and to be loved for the mere costume, the poor casual body you went about in—to a soul like yours, that must have been torture! Therefore with words, you revealed your heart. Now that image of you which filled my eyes first. I see better now, and I see it no more!

CHRISTIAN: Oh!—

ROXANE: You still doubt your victory?

CHRISTIAN: (Miserably) Roxane!—

ROXANE: Dear, there is more of me than there was. With this, I can love more of you, more of what makes You, your own self—Truly! . . . If you were less lovable—

CHRISTIAN: No!

ROXANE: Less charming—ugly even—I should love you still.

CHRISTIAN: You mean that?

ROXANE: I do mean that!

CHRISTIAN: Ugly? . . .

ROXANE: Yes. Even then! Now are you happy?

CHRISTIAN: (Choking) Yes . . .

ROXANE: What is it?

CHRISTIAN: (Pushes her away gently. Only . . . Nothing . . . one moment . . .

Cyrano appears.

CYRANO: What is wrong? You look sad...

CHRISTIAN: She does not love me anymore. She loves only my soul and that means you. And you love her.

CYRANO: That is true . . .

CHRISTIAN: Tell her so!

CYRANO: No.

CHRISTIAN: Why not?

CYRANO: Come on, look at me!

CHRISTIAN: She told me that she would love me even if I were ugly. Let her choose between us! Tell her everything! Roxane!

CYRANO: No--no--

CHRISTIAN: Roxane!

ROXANE: (Hurries down to him) Yes, Christian?

CHRISTIAN: Cyrano has news for you.

ROXANE: (Lightly) Oh-- how important?

CYRANO: (Takes her hand) Roxane, was it true--what you told him just now?

ROXANE: It was true! I said that I should love him even. . .

CYRANO: Say it-- I shall not be hurt!-- Ugly?

ROXANE: Even then I should love him.

CYRANO: Hideous?

ROXANE: Hideous.

CYRANO: Disfigured?

ROXANE: Disfigured.

CYRANO: Even grotesque?

ROXANE: How could he ever be grotesque-- Ever--to me!

CYRANO: (Aside, excitedly) It is true!--true!--Perhaps--God! This is too much happiness.

Roxane--listen--

LE BRET: Cyrano--

CYRANO: Yes?

LE BRET: Hush!. . . (Whispers a few words to him.)

CYRANO: (Lets fall Roxane's hand.) Ah!

ROXANE: What is it?

CYRANO: (Half stunned, and aside) All gone. . .

ROXANE: (More shots) What is it?

CYRANO: All gone. I cannot ever tell her, now. . . ever. . .

ROXANE: (Starts to rush away) What has happened?

CYRANO: (Restrains her) Nothing.

ROXANE: You were telling me something--

CYRANO: Oh, that? Nothing. . . (Gravely) I swear to you that the letters sent to you, were written by...Christian...

ROXANE: (Catches at the word) Were? (Crying out) Oh!--(Sees CHRISTIAN lying upon his cloak) Christian! Christian!

CHRISTIAN: (faintly) Roxane!...

CYRANO: Christian I have told her; she choose you.

ROXANE: (to Cyrano) He is dead!

DE GUICHE: The signal- hark-the trumpets! The army has returned! Hold them now! Hold them! The army!

ROXANE: On his letter- blood... and tears

A VOICE: (off stage) Surrender!

ALL: No!

RAGUENEAU: This place is dangerous!

CYRANO: (to DE GUICHE) Take her away-I am going to stay here!

ROXANE: (Kisses the letter; faintly) His blood... his tears...

DE GUICHE: Hold them!!!

VOICE OF STAGE: Lay down your arms!!

ALL: No! No!

CYRANO: (To DE GUICHE) Sir, you have proved yourself, take care of her away from here!

DE GUICHE: (Hurries to ROXANE and take her up in his arms) As you will, we can win, if you hold on a little longer-

CYRANO: Adieu, Roxane! We are the cadets of Gascogne and we will fight until the end! Now I have two deaths to avenge...Christians's and my own! Fire!
ALL: Fire!

ACT V

Fifteen years later. Roxane has decided to live in a convent as a nun.

DE GUICHE: And you remain here, wasting all that gold forever in mourning?
ROXANE: Forever.
DE GUICHE: And still faithful?
ROXANE: Still faithful . . .
DE GUICHE: Have you forgiven me?
ROXANE: I am here.
DE GUICHE: Was Christian . . . all that?
ROXANE: If you knew him.
DE GUICHE: We were not precisely . . . intimate . . And his last letter, always at your heart?
ROXANE: It hangs here, like a holy reliquary.
DE GUICHE: Dead, and you love him still!
ROXANE: Sometimes I think he has not altogether died: our hearts meet, and his love flows all around me, living.
DE GUICHE: (After another pause) You see Cyrano often?
ROXANE: My old friend takes the place of my Gazette, brings me all the news. Every Saturdays, under that tree where you are now, his chair stands. I wait for him, embroidering; the hour strike; then I hear, at the last stroke, his cane tapping the steps. He laughs at me for my eternal needlework. He tells the story of the past week. (LE BRET appears on the steps)
There's Le Bret! How is it with our friend?
LE BRET: Badly.
DE GUICHE: Indeed?
ROXANE: (To DE GUICHE) Oh, he exaggerates!
LE BRET: Just as I said—loneliness, misery—I told him so! His satires make a host of enemies. He attacks the false nobles, the false saints, the false heroes, the false artists. In short, everyone!
ROXANE: But they fear that sword of his, no one dares to touch him!
DE GUICHE: (With a shrug) That may be so.
LE BRET: It is not violence I fear for him, but solitude, poverty, old gray December, stealing on wolf's feet, with a wolf's green eyes, into his darkening room. Those bravoes yet may strike our Swordsman down! Everyday now, he draws his belt up one hole; his poor nose looks like old ivory; he has one coat left: His old black serge.
DE GUICHE: That is nothing strange in this world! No, you need not pity him overmuch.
LE BRET: (With a bitter smile) Monsieur DE GUICHE!...
DE GUICHE: I say, do not pity him overmuch. He lives his life, his own life, his own way!
LE BRET: (As before) My lord!...
DE GUICHE: (Haughtily) Yes, I know—I have all; he has nothing. Nevertheless, today I should be proud to shake his hand... (Saluting ROXANE) Adieu.
ROXANE: I will go with you
DE GUICHE: I envy him now and then...Do you know, when a man wins everything in this world, when he succeeds too much—he feels, having done nothing wrong especially, Heaven knows! He feels somehow a thousand small displeasures with himself, whose whole sum is not quite remorse, but rather a sort of vague disgust...The ducal robes mounting up, step by step, to pride and power, somewhere among their folds draw after them a rustle of dry illusions, vain regrets, as your veil, up the stairs here, draws along the whisper of dead leaves.

ROXANE: (Ironical) The sentiment does you honor.

DE GUILCHE: Oh, yes... (Pausing suddenly) Monsieur Le Bret! (To ROXANE) You pardon us? (He goes to LE BRET, and speaks in a low tone) It is true that no one dares attack your friend. Some people dislike him, none the less. The other day at Court, such a one said to me: "This man Cyrano may die, accidentally."

LE BRET: (Coldly) Thank you.

DE GUILCHE: You may thank me. Keep him at home all you can. Tell him to be careful.

LE BRET: (Shaking his hands to heaven) Careful! He is coming here. I'll warn him— yes, but!...

ROXANE: (Still on the steps, to a Nun who approaches her) Here I am, what is it?

DUENNA: Madame, Monsieur Ragueneau wishes to see you.

ROXANE: Bring him here. (To LE BRET and DE GUILCHE) He comes for sympathy, having been first of all a Poet, he became since then, in turn, a Singer—

LE BRET: Bath-house keeper—

ROXANE: Sacristan—

LE BRET: Actor—

ROXANE: Hairdresser—

LE BRET: Music-master—

ROXANE: Now, today—

RAGUENEAU: (Enters hurriedly) Madame! (He sees LE BRET) Monsieur!

ROXANE: (Smiling) First tell your troubles to Le Bret for a moment.

RAGUENEAU: But Madame! (She goes out, with DE GUILCHE, not hearing him).

RAGUENEAU: (comes to LE BRET) After all, she doesn't need to know so soon. I went to see him just now, our friend. As I came near his door, I saw him coming out. I hurried on to join him. At the corner of the street, as he passed— Could it be an accident? I wonder! At the window overhead, a lackey with a heavy log of wood let it fall—

LE BRET: Cyrano!

RAGUENEAU: I ran to him!

LE BRET: God! The cowards!

RAGUENEAU: I found him lying there, a great hole in his head!

LE BRET: Is he alive?

RAGUENEAU: Alive—yes. But.. I had to carry him up to his room! Have you seen his room?

LE BRET: Is he suffering?

RAGUENEAU: No; unconscious.

LE BRET: Did you call a doctor?

RAGUENEAU: One came for charity.

LE BRET: Poor Cyrano! We must not tell Roxane all at once... What did the doctor say?

RAGUENEAU: He said fever, and lesions of the... I can't remember all those long names. Ah, if you had seen him there, his head all white bandages! Let us go quickly, there is no one to care for him. If he tries to raise his head, he may die!

LE BRET: (Draws him away to the Right) This way, it is shorter through the Chapel...

ROXANE: (Appears on the stairway, and calls to Le Bret as he is going out by the colonnade which leads to the small door of the Chapel) Monsieur Le Bret! Running away when I call to him? Poor dear Ragueneau, it must have been very tragic! What a day!... Something in these bright autumn afternoons happy and yet regretful an old sorrow smiling... as though poor little April dried her tears long ago and remembered... Ah, the old chair, for my old friend!

DUENNA: The best one in our best parlor!

ROXANE: Thank you, Sister. The hour! He will be coming now. He never was so late before.

DUENNA: (Appears on the steps) Monsieur de Bergerac!

ROXANE: (Without looking at him) What was I saying?... After fourteen years, late for the first time!

CYRANO: I was detained by an unexpected visitor...

ROXANE: (Carelessly, still sewing) Was your visitor tiresome? Did you tell him to go away?

CYRANO: For the time being, yes. I said: "Excuse me, this is Saturday, I have a previous engagement I cannot miss, come back an hour from now."

ROXANE: Your friend will have to wait. I shall not let you go till dark.

CYRANO: Perhaps a little before dark, I must go...

ROXANE: Look, somebody is waiting to be teased.

CYRANO: (Quickly, opens his eyes) Of course! (In a big, comic voice) Sister, approach!

DUENNA: (Looks up. Smiling.) You- (She sees his face full of blood) Oh!-

ROXANE: Tell me now my gazette! Cyrano!

CYRANO: (Opens his eyes) What... What is it? ...Oh no- oh no- It is nothing- truly! My old wound at Arras- sometimes- you know....It comes back.

ROXANE: My poor friend! We all have our old wounds. I have mine, here...(Her hand at her breast) under this faded scrap of writing... It is hard to read now with all the blood, and the tears.... (Twilight begins to fall).

CYRANO: His letter... Did you not promise me that some day, you will let me read it?

ROXANE: His letter? You... You wish-

CYRANO: I do wish it, today.

ROXANE: (She gives him the letter without turning to him) Here....Open it, and read.

On David Serero's production, the underscore of « My Funny Valentine » is played again.

CYRANO: « Farewell Roxane, because today I die. I know that it will be today. My own dearly beloved. And I die without telling you how much I love you! No more shall my eyes drink the sight of you like wine ».

ROXANE: How you read it, his letter!

CYRANO: "My own heart's own, My own treasure"

ROXANE: (Dreamily) In such a voice....

CYRANO: "My love"

ROXANE: As I remember hearing long time ago ...

CYRANO: "I am never away from you. Even now, I shall not leave you. In another world, I shall be still that one who loves you, loves you beyond love, beyond measure, beyond..."

ROXANE: (Lays her hand on his shoulder) How can you read now? It is dark... And all these fourteen years he has been the old friend who came to me to be amusing. It was you!

CYRANO: No, no, Roxane, no!

ROXANE: And I might have known, every time that I heard you speak my name!... It was...you!

CYRANO: I swear—

ROXANE: I understand everything now: The letters—That was you...

CYRANO: No!

ROXANE: And the dear, foolish words—that was you...

CYRANO: No!

ROXANE: And the voice in the dark...that was you!

CYRANO: On my honor— I never loved you

ROXANE: Yes, you loved me.

CYRANO: (desperately) No—Christian loved you—

ROXANE: Even now, you love me!

CYRANO: (his voice weakens) No!

ROXANE: And why...so great a "No"?

CYRANO: No, no, my own dear love, I love you...not!

ROXANE: How many things have died...and are newborn!... Why were you silent for so many years, all the while, every night and every day, he gave me nothing, you knew that. You knew here, in this letter lying on my breast, your tears. You knew they were your tears. Why do you break that silence now, today?

LE BRET: What recklessness, I knew it! He is here!

REGUENEAU: He has killed himself Madame coming here!

ROXANE: He—Oh, God...And what faintness was that?

CYRANO: I did not finish my Gazette! Saturday, the twenty-sixth, an hour or so before dinner, Cyrano de Bergerac died, murdered.

ROXANE: Oh, what does he mean? Cyrano! What have they done to you?

CYRANO: I have missed everything, even my own death! Ragueneau what are you up to?

RAGUENEAU: Ah, monsieur! (Through his tears) I am not a poet now; I snuff the candles for Moliere!

CYRANO: Moliere!

RAGUENEAU: Yes, but I am leaving tomorrow. Yesterday they played "Scapin", he has stolen your scene!

LE BRET: The whole scene, word for word!

RAGUENEAU: Yes: "What the devil was he doing there" — That one!

LE BRET: (Furious) And Moliere stole it all from you, bodily!

CYRANO: The scene went well?...

LIGNIERE: Ah, monsieur, they laughed, and laughed, how they did laughed!

All exeunt besides Cyrano and Roxane.

CYRANO: Yes Roxane—that has been my life... Do you remember that night when Christian spoke under your window? It was always so! While I stood in the darkness underneath, others climbed up to win the applause, the kiss! On my tomb, it will say « Moliere had genius, Christian good looks ».

ROXANE: (Rises herself to call for aid) Sister! Sister!

CYRANO: (Holding on to her hand) No, do not go away, I won't be here when you'll return...

ROXANE: You shall not die! I love you!

CYRANO: No, that is not in the story! Do you remember when the Beauty said "I love you" to the beast? His ugliness changed him to a charming prince...But you see, I am still the same.

ROXANE: And I have done this all to you! All my fault!

CYRANO: You? No, on the contrary! I never knew love before you. My mother found me ugly. But you were my one true friend.

ROXANE: I never loved but one man in my life, and I have lost him, twice...

CYRANO: I must go, pardon, I cannot stay!

ROXANE: (Sobbing) Oh my love!...

CYRANO: Not Here! — Not lying down!... Let no one help me - no one! — It is coming...He shall find me on my feet – sword in hand – What did you say? Hopeless? – But a real man does not fight to win! It is more beautiful when it's hopeless! ... No! Surrender? No! Never – never!...

On David Serero's production, Cyrano says:

I see...I see...trees of green and red roses too,
I see them bloom, for me and you.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world!

Then sings as the music comes in:

I see skies of blue and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night.
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

Cyrano falls on his knees near Roxane.

The colors of the rainbow, are so pretty in the sky,
Are also on the faces of people passing by.

I see friends, shaking hands (Cyrano grabs Roxane's hand), saying « how do you do? »

CYRANO: (continued) They're really saying...

Cyrano falls repeating « They're really saying, they're really saying.. »

ROXANE: They're really saying?

CYRANO: I..LOVE...YOU...

Cyrano kisses Roxane and dies.

CURTAIN

The END

Adaptation in English and for the stage by DAVID SERERO

Written in 2018.

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